The Undergraduate.

VOL. VI. MIDDLEBURY, VT., MAY, 1881. NO. 8.

WHY?

Why do I love thee? Ask the flower,
That nods by the woodland stream,
Why it loves the light of the morning sun
And kisses each golden beam.
Ask of the blushing clover bloom,
In the light of the dawning day,
Why it presses the dewdrop close to its breast,
And droops when it steals away.

Ask why the moon-beams kiss the sea;
Why the lily loves the rain;
Why the morning glory bares its breast
When the sunshine comes again;
Ask why the song bird loves its mate,
Why the daisies love the lea,
And learn from them, they'll tell thee true
Why thou art dear to me.

J. C. H.

SEWARD'S FOLLY.

By the purchase of Alaska, Secretary Seward committed what was called, at the time, the greatest mistake of his official life, but what is destined to prove the grandest triumph of that life. With the aid of a few prominent statesmen, he carried through the bill, in spite of an opposing congress and a hostile and jeering press. His opponents described the purchase as "Seward's Folly," and the country as an "iceberg," "the frozen forest," the "watery waste," thus belittling the purchase and its author. Thirteen years have since passed away, and what has now become of the national cry of despair? If Alaska is working the financial ruin of this country, shaking the foundations of literature, science, art, politics and philosophy, why do not the newspapers tell us of it?

The truth is, we are coming to understand Secretary Seward's last words. When asked what he considered the crowning act of his official life, he replied, "The purchase of Alaska;" "but," he added, "it may take two generations to find it out."

Let us make a brief voyage of discovery to this great national folly. And first, where is this polar iceberg? Nearer to the United States by eight hundred miles than to the North pole; extending to but little higher latitude than the largest country of Europe, while its Southern regions are in about the latitude of England. And what is its climate? The mean annual temperature of the village of Sitka is higher than that of many of our New England villages. The thermometrical record of 1873 shows that during that entire year there were but seven days of snow, and at no time was it more than three inches in depth, The winters of Southern Alaska resemble the rainy seasons of California and Oregon. This mildness is due to the Japanese gulf stream. Pouring the tepid waters of the equator among the eleven hundred islands of Alaska, it affords a milder average climate than that of Maine or Massachusetts. Grains and vegetables flourish as abundantly as in New England, so that the small Russian cattle and native sheep often receive no care during the entire winter. If, however, you take any of the numerous steamers, now engaged in trade, and sail northward a distance of fifteen hundred or two thousand miles, the scene changes; the bleak shores of the Arctic correspond to the descriptions that have often been given of Alaska as a whole.

Again, how large is this iceberg? Eight and one-half times the size of New England, and what did it cost? $7,200,000—or the ruinous price of one cent, nine mills and three tenths of a mill per acre.

But let us glance at the resources and commercial value of this great country, in which, if anywhere, we must find the justification of such

magnificent folly. Along the Southern coast and throughout the vast interior, deposits of gold, silver, iron, copper, and extensive coal regions have been found, many of which have been worked in paying quantities during the past year, and active preparation is now being made for work during the coming season. Vast beds of black lead, slate, marble, sulphur, kaolin, gypsum and opal are there, and waiting to yield their treasures to the thrifty hand of enterprise. Extensive regions are covered with timber of the finest quality, and Alaska spars find a ready sale in the markets of China, Japan, Australia and Mexico.

The fisheries of this Northwestern region extend over three times the area of the Northeastern fisheries, and yet for the privilege of sharing the profits of the Northeastern fisheries with Great Britain, we have paid to England almost the original cost of Alaska. Over sixty thousand men are now employed in the Northwestern fisheries, and results prove that Alaska waters are as well supplied with cod, herring and salmon as any waters on earth. In fact, Alaska can pay for herself from the wealth of her mines and fisheries alone. She has nearly paid for herself already, over one half the original cost of the whole territory having been paid in rental and taxes by the Alaska Commercial Company alone. This company is chiefly engaged in the fur business, and in taxes and rental on one group of islands, pays annually into the United States Treasury four and one-half per cent interest on the original cost of Alaska, and if we include in addition to this, what is paid by several smaller companies and private individuals, we can nearly double the above mentioned income.

By this purchase we have extended our dominions farther West of San Francisco than that city is West of New York, and including the shore line of the islands, we have to-day twenty-six thousand miles of coast line on the Pacific. But it may be asked, "Why do we need this length of coast line?" We need it because the Pacific is fast becoming the theatre of the world's action. What means this strange amalgamation of races on our Western coast? The railroads now spanning the continent? Another being built and still another, upon which the British are now commencing work, extending from Lake Superior to British Columbia and almost to the front door of Alaska?

Does it not mean that a still mightier impulse is being given to this westward tendency and a corresponding impulse to the eastward tendency of Asiatic nations? Does it not mean that our Western coast is becoming the financial center of the globe?

Explain these movements as you will, the fact remains that whoever owns our Western coast holds the key to the mighty Pacific. And the day is not far distant when our busy millions will remember with gratitude the congress of 1867 which yielded to "Seward's Folly," and secured this vast domain, and while unfolding the growing possibilities of that region, we shall cherish the name of William H. Seward for hastening the time when the stars and stripes shall float o'er the entire continent.

SCIENCE AND THE CLASSICS.

The object of education, says Herbert Spencer, is to prepare us for complete living.

This may, perhaps, be considered the ideal object of education, including moral and physical, of course, as well as mental. But it is with the latter that our institutions of learning are chiefly concerned, and the question in regard to it is, by the adoption of what method can they give the best mental training and thus most completely perform their part toward preparing us for complete living?

But this is no easy question to answer. We find the educated men of the day divided in opinion; one portion defending the classical system, in which the classics occupy the chief position; the other defending the claims of what is

known as the scientific system in which science would occupy the place of honor. Each system has, of course, its peculiar merits; the question is in regard to their comparative worth.

It is worthy of note that arguments advanced for retaining the present classical system are very different from those which secured its first introduction, in fact, were not even thought of then. At that time Latin was the language of all educated Europe; nearly all the knowledge then extant was embodied in the classical languages, hence their introduction into the Universities. At the present time, on the contrary, no one studies Latin or Greek for the purpose of employing them as languages, nor does any one study them for the knowledge they contain.

Then since these two causes, which originally secured the classics their position no longer exist, it is very properly asked why should they longer retain their supremacy? The principal answer to this inquiry is that the present system is superior to any other as a method of enforcing mental discipline. Now what is this statement worth? For having had no opportunity for a fair trial, no other system has had an equal chance to display its merits.

Let us examine their statement a little farther. If the object of education is to prepare us for complete living, that part of it which pertains to our mental development should be such as to develope all the mental faculties equally.

The classical system does not do this. Most obviously is it lacking in that it fails, almost entirely, to develope the faculty of observation, the great importance of which is manifest in every department of life. In the practical matters of life, lack of trained observation must necessarily be followed by lack of soundness in judgment. Prof. Helmboltz, a noted German scholar, says that long experience has taught him that, students who pass from classical schools to scientific pursuits show a certain laxity in the application of strictly universal laws; the grammatical rules in which they have been exercised have, for the most part, long lists of exceptions, hence they are not accustomed to regard any law as of universal application.

Again, we find it generally admitted that classical students trust altogether too much to authority even in matters where they might easily form an independent judgment; and this constitutes one of the strongest arguments against the system. But, say the classicists, the system itself is all right, only the method of teaching is wrong.

The system, we must remember, has had full sway for ages, and if they do not know how to teach it now it is no more than just to infer that they never will. Even supposing a change were advisable, it would be impossible to effect one, for the leading classical advocates are hopelessly divided in opinion as to the way in which it should be brought about. Prof. Bonamy Price says it must be done in one way, Prof. Blackie urges another and totally different way. Hence we can hope for nothing in this direction. The change must be wrought in the system itself; it was good enough years ago, before science had made any progress, for it was the best that then existed, *but that is no proof that it is the best that exists now.*

Stage coaches were once the best modes of conveyance, yet no one would say that of them now. They are behind the times; and so it is with our present system of education. It fails to meet the requirements of the age. While everything else has advanced with giant strides, our educational method has moved in the direction of progress at a snail's pace.

To the question how should this change be effected the universal answer is, by the introduction of science.

It is now almost undisputed that science possesses special merits for developing those faculties which the classics fail to educate. That these merits entitle science to supersede completely the classics, as some of its advocates affirm, is an unwarranted assumption, but that they

entitle it to a position of far greater importance than it at present occupies in most of our college curricula is rapidly being conceded.

But science does not have to base its claims for a more general recognition wholly on its merits as a disciplining agent. To prepare man for complete living he must have knowledge that will enable him thus to live. This cannot be acquired from the classics,—their theories concerning man and his relations are several centuries too old to be of any practical value to those of the present age. Science alone can furnish this knowledge, and this affords another powerful argument for its supporters, for in no other way can so universal a necessity be so well supplied as by its more general introduction into our schools and colleges. Nor will it do, when it is introduced, to make it play a subordinate part to the classics. Its importance entitles it to demand that the situation be reversed. In practical life the necessities come first, the luxuries afterwards, (the distinction which exists between science and the classics is analagous.) As Herbert Spencer truly says, "Necessary and eternal as are its truths, all science concerns all mankind, for all time, equally at the present and in the remotest future must it be of incalculable importance for the regulation of his conduct that man should understand the science of life, physical, mental and social, and that he should understand all other science as a key to the science of life."

THE CATBIRD.

I.

The rain of sunlight filtered through
  The leaves and branches massed together;
The river sang, as swift it flew,
  For very joy of the perfect weather;
And I, beneath a tree that flung
A net of shadows o'er me, sung
Rhymes writ when England's speech was young.

II.

Within my veins the warm blood leaped
  In cadence with the ballad's measure,
And had I drunk of poppies steeped
  I had not dreamed of greater pleasure
Than that I fancied life would bring.
And was it strange my heart should sing,
When I was young and it was spring?

III.

I watched within the moving tide
  The shadows of the grasses bending;
And birches leaning o'er its side
  To imaged skies their arms extending;
And fancied that though I grew old,
When youth into old age had rolled,
So life some part of youth would hold.

IV.

While yet I dreamed my dream, I heard
  Above my head, amid the lattice
Of boughs and leaves, an unknown bird,
  Its soul outpouring jubilates.
I ne'er had heard such melody;
It bore my soul across the sea
To groves of palm and citron tree.

V.

Some captive from the South, I thought,
  From out its painted prison breaking,
Fled to that glade in music sought
  The clime for which its heart was aching.
I looked for plumage brave and gay—
I only saw in garb of gray
A catbird swinging on a spray.

VI.

The music ceased; as silently
  As it had come, the bird departed.
Was it a trick of witchery
  Wrought by some Vivien cruel-hearted,
That changed the joyous spring to fall?
I seemed to hear from poplars tall
The catbird's harsh and querulous call.

VII.

Prophetic was the shade that o'er
  My soul fell dark that bright May morning!
Unto my heart, so light before,
  Was that ill-fated bird a warning?
I only know that from the sky
The beauty vanished, and that I
Was sad at heart, I knew not why.

WM. W. GAY, '76.

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

Only a flash,
  A quivering crash.
And the rumbling thunder rolled away.
  But a new delight,
  With the gleam so bright,
Came into my heart that rainy day.

  Only a maid,
  Who felt afraid,
When the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled;
  Only a word,
  But my heart was stirred,
When she grasped my arm and her secret told.

  Only a blush,
  A sudden flush,
As a thousand thoughts swept o'er her ken,
  Only a kiss,
  And a pouting miss,
In the rain, afar from the haunts of men.

J. C. H.

The Undergraduate.

Published Monthly During the College Year.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., MAY, 1881.

EDITORS:

J. C. HARVEY, '81, *Editor-in-Chief.*

F. S. JUNE, '81, F. A. WALKER, '82,
J. L. BARTON, '81, F. A. BROWN, '82.
H. B. BOICE, '81, C. G. LEAVENWORTH, '82.

TERMS:

ONE COLLEGE YEAR, - - - - - - $1 00
SINGLE COPIES, - - - - - - - - - 12

Address all communications to THE UNDERGRADUATE, Middlebury, Vermont. No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Printed at the Journal Office, Middlebury, Vt.

TABLE OF CONTENTS:

Page.

LITERARY:

Why (poem) 113
J. C. HARVEY. '81.

Seward's Folly 113
H. P. POWERS, '82.

Science aud the Classics 114
F. A. BROWN, '82.

The Catbird 116
W. W. GAY. '76.

A Flash of Lightning 116
J. C. HARVEY, '81.

EDITORIALS, &C., &C. 117

Green Mountains in Sugar-time 119
"Dem Walkin' Matches" 120
Town and Campus 120
Communication 122
Personals 123
Reviews and Notices 123
Exchanges 123
College Notes 124
Plunder 125
Advertisements 128

EDITORIAL.

ALUMNI desiring copies of "The Kaleidoscope" should forward their subscriptions at once. The copy is now in the hands of the printer, and a better issue is promised than ever before. The edition is necessarily a small one, but the number of pages and illustrations are considerably more than any previous issue. The price has been reduced to thirty cents per copy. It is neeessary for the alumni to subscribe liberally or the venture will be a losing one, and we hope that many graduates who will not miss a dollar greatly will forward it and obtain their Kaleidoscopes by return of mail post paid. Address

J. C. HARVEY, Middlebury, Vt.

THE Seniors have secured the services of Miss Ella Earle for Commencement and are endeavoring also to secure those of Fessenden, the tenor, who is so deservedly popular with Middlebury Commencement goers. These two with a good orchestra will give to the music lovers a treat well worthy their attendance, and we trust the Commencement concert this year may be to the class a source of revenue rather than expense.

THE smokers on the staff extend their hearty thanks to S. F. Hess and company of Rochester, for a delicious sample of Gold Clip Tobacco and Cigarettes. The supply was generous and the quality excellent. We can cheerfully recommend them as most enjoyable—and when these are gone we shall send for more, even if we have to pay for them.

WE would remind the alumni that the edition of "Middlebury College and its surroundings" the volume to which reference has been made before, is becoming rapidly exhausted and those who desire copies should send in their subscriptions at once. No alumnus can afford to be without this little volume and no alumnus will begrudge the price of a dozen handsomely bound views when furnished for less than a dozen photographs of himself would cost. See advertisment on first page.

WE publish in another column a communication on the marking system, forwarded by a graduate.

It speaks for itself, but it does not treat of the different kinds of marking. We have have some three or four different systems here at present.

The fairest of these is to mark only on examinations, which cover a week or ten days work. This gives the student an opportunity to make up an occasional absence without the petty annoyance of being quizzed for twenty minutes or half an hour after his hour for dinner or supper has arrived. We know of an instance where a student had never taken a mark less than nine in the morning recitation, but his absences from prayers and recitations being turned into the general account, the average standing was reduced to three and a fraction. This three and a fraction is on exhibition as the record of the student's ability, and the admiring fossils who enjoy calling at the President's when they attend Commencement will exclaim "What an idiot he must have been, to be sure."

Some day American students are going to rise up in one grand vigorous kick against ridiculous and fanciful marking systems, and then good bye to them forever. Imagine German students submitting to a marking system like ours. But the day of doom for marking is not far distant and may Heaven hasten it.

ONLY about ninety Kaleidoscopes have been subscribed for by the students. It is hoped that the subscriptions will be reinforced after its issue. The Kaleidoscope is one of the institutions of the college which ought not to perish, and it has been gotten out this year under great risk of losing money, simply to keep it alive. Members of the Junior class have promised its issue in '82, and a vigorous support this year will insure a good one next, and one which will compare favorably with the publications of other colleges.

To those who have put time and money into the work, it is very embarrassing, financially, to have students take their four or five copies and say "I will hand you the change in a few days." It is usually forgotten for a few months. Please bear it in mind this year and lay aside in the corner of your trunk the pay for your subscribed number of Kaleidoscopes. None of the classes have yet handed in their subscriptions toward cuts, which is quite an item out of the editors' pockets. Twenty-five or thirty cents from each man amounts to little so far as each one is concerned, but when multiplied by fifty and taken out of one pocket it becomes serious.

THERE are two extremes in the delivery of an oration or a declamation, which are so intimately associated with the golden mean that, in avoiding either, the chances are ten to one we fall into the other. The first is the monotonous, singsong, less-than-natural delivery and the other embraces the mouthing, ranting and tatter tearing which Shakespeare condemns. We are too apt to adopt a painful mannerism, a theatrical extravagance when placed before an audience, and though we may not approach Edmund Kean or Macready; yet we may vastly improve on our present style by giving the matter a few moments of careful attention. The stage requires of a man to deliver his lines as a man of the world and not as an automaton, wound up especially for the time and place.

The true speaker, while using his ordinary conversational tone and manner may still acquire a knowledge of just where and when a slight overdoing will answer a better purpose—and also when a little less than life-like vigor will attain the desired end.

"Leave thy damnable faces,"

Hamlet says, and he might have added a line to the effect that all the intelligence of expression should not be left behind. There are those among us who would, on the chapel stage, deliver the sentence "I am stabbed," in about the same tone and manner as the sentence "Will you pass the butter," and there are others who would convey the impression that four thousand stabs had taken place simultaneously. It is difficult for us, with our forced rhetorical effort; to throw any soul into them, to be sure, and the difficulty arises in our selection of subjects in which we feel no lively interest. Let us strive to get out

of our stilted mannerisms and deliver our lines, not as set speeches, but in the real life-like animation and spirit with which we discuss an erroneous judgment of the umpire on the ball field.

"THE GREEN MOUNTAINS IN SUGAR-TIME."

In a recent number of Harper's *Monthly*, an article appeared with the above title, by Wm. H. Rideing, which was, on account of its flippant style, no less than by the remarkable manner in which the truth was concealed, a gross libel on Vermont and Vermonters.

Opening with the supercilious comparison of Vermont to Labrador or Alaska, he followed with the slurring statement that "every reputable person, with a proper respect for himself knows that the State has the same characteristics, the same homely virtues and the same pervasive common-school intelligence as the rest of New England." Growing eloquent, he next describes his trip from New York. After leaving Troy he notices a chill. The landscape has a "communicative chilliness of color and feeling." The soil is scrubby and fallow. The homesteads are seriously unbeautiful and he detects a "dialect" which convinces him he is in Vermont. Here is where he should have re-embarked for his fastnesses in the metropolis, and have delegated to some worthier pen the task of writing up Vermont.

Arriving at Cuttingsville he encounters a snow storm which drives into the depot and finally the "small tavern," as he facetiously calls the hotel. He proceeds to abuse the station master and hotel keeper by statements false in nearly every particular. In an imaginary conversation with the latter he takes occasion to air his knowledge of the Yankee vernacular. I say imaginary, for in a published statement Mr. Dawley pronounces it wholly false.

In regard to the station master's loquaciousness which he introduces. From a personal acquaintance I can assert positively that it is grossly exaggerated. Mr. Crane is a courteous and mind-your-own-business gentleman. In this alleged conversation he takes occasion to slander the graduates of country colleges in a manner too puerile and idiotic to deserve more than mere mention

At the first house he visits he is surprised to find a "young and pretty girl," who "uttered culture with the sibillant Boston twang," and also books and magazines.

He then proceeds to refute his own statements by observing that "one can venture among these mountains . . . without finding much that is genuinely primitive." Of the main subject of his paper he says very little, only about two of the fifteen columns being devoted to its consideration.

Undoubtedly to the mind of the New Yorker of the class of which Wm. H. Rideing seems to be a type, Vermont does seem like Alaska, but after the illusion was dispelled he had not the honesty to candidly admit the fact. To the intelligent citizen of New York, however, I think this charge a base slander.

The same "homely virtues" and this same "pervasive common-school intelligence" to which he alludes, are what have made the sons of New England so deservedly pre-eminent in the Senate chamber and on the bench; in the pulpit and on the press, and New England to-day boasts of these same attributes and the whole country acknowledges that she has sent out a class of men and women whose influence is felt from the forests of Maine to the prairies of the West.

No wonder Mr. Rideing cannot appreciate a Vermont winter, but to the lover of nature it is a series of delights. The clear bracing air; the mountains capped with snow; the fields and forests reflecting in the sunbeams like immense collections of gems,—every snow flake a separate diamond—all contribute to form a picture which has been deemed worthy of many an artist's pencil and painter's brush.

In regard to the soil. Any one who will take the trouble to enquire or take a trip through

Western Vermont in the summer will find that nowhere are there farms more productive or better adapted to the needs of the agriculturist, than here. Commodious and, in many instances, really beautiful farm houses are the rule, and rarely can you find one which can be called, to use the author's barbarism, "unbeautiful," The house where he was entertained is one of the finest in the town and an honor to any town, and this he alludes to as "a queer old house in great need of paint," &c. The fact that he could abuse the hospitality of so pleasant a gentleman as Mr. Gleason in this heartless manner, when the truth well told would have been fully as interesting reading, shows what kind of a person this would-be "literary feller" is.

The Green Mountains in sugar-time furnish a subject well worthy the pen of a gift d writer, but for the reputation of the publishers we hope that they will not again employ one so gifted in falsification and inconsistency to write up Vermont characteristics.

C. B. F. PALMER, '83.

"DEM WALKIN MATCHES."

At a recent colored meeting in New York city the preacher delivered the following address:

"Bredren, de great trouble wid de cullud folks dese days is, da jine all dese walkin matches. Now Bredren, dont jine um; dont go dar, dont go near um; keep way from da, go some was else. Wat good's in um? No reel good cept physical endurance, Wat's physical endurance good for? Good for nutting.

We read in de bressed Book, Enoch he walk wid de Lord tree hundred years. How's dat for physical endurance; umh!? How did dat match come out? He walked tree hundred year "and was not;" dat is to say "he was nowhar." Ye see Bredren in de last hundred years he got took in on de home stretch. Now, Bredren, for de glory of de Lord dont neber jine dem walkin matches.

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

These are the days of picnics and excursions.

Bicycles are becoming quite numerous on the streets.

C. S. Murkland '81 has been away a few weeks on business.

Our choir seems to be very much demoralized at present.

Geo. Hammond has been appointed postmaster in the place of Col. Tracy.

The whole Sophomore class elected French in the place of Calculus this term.

The society boats have been launched and some of them in new coats of paint.

Considerable work has been done on the campus this spring, trimming the trees, sowing grass seed, &c.

The Seniors do not expect to make any geological excursion this year as has been customary in the past.

Instructor in French to Senior: "How would you say I am hungry in French?" Senior, with great confidence, "Jai femme."

We doubt if any college campus in the country can excel our own in natural beauty and the variety of birds that make it their home.

And now the Junior puts on his old clothes and wades in swamps and climbs trees for specimens, for he is learning to be a botanist.

The President gives the students an occasional invitation to lend a hand at the moving of books. The response is usually hearty and full.

A student objects to another's wearing a plug hat, because, he says, "it looks so much like a church with a grog shop in the basement."

The Seniors are making arrangements for commencement. They will endeavor not to be outdone by any class that has preceded them.

The Juniors are reciting German at two instead of four in the afternoon. This gives those who elect French an opportunity to go into that recitation at four.

The Juniors are studying Newcomb and Holden's astronomy in the place of the one used here for so many years. They all seem to be much pleased with the change.

Prof: "What was the law of succession of Popes in the early Catholic church?" Senior, with great confidence: "It was hereditary and extended from father to son."

The Congregational church and society have extended a call to Rev. S. L. B. Spear of Bangor, Me., which has been accepted. Mr. Spear will be installed early in June.

The chapel exercises have been continued in the philosophical room this term. We do not understand the reason of this, since there would now be no difficulty in warming the chapel.

The time honored wasp has again put in his appearance about the chapel steps. We have been assured that he is harmless, but we are prepared to furnish proof to the contrary notwithstanding.

Patriotism is on the wane in Middlebury. If it were not for the clamor for a holiday among the scholars and students, no one would think of Decoration day. And even the holiday is given only in part or with great reluctance.

The Freshmen have elected the following members to represent the class at the Parkerian Prize Speaking: E. F. Preston. E. P. Miller, C. H. Prindle and Frank Hyde. The Sophomores have not yet made an election.

One of the Seniors has the rim of a derby hung up in his room as a memento of the conflicts of the past. He would have hung up the crown too but there was not enough of it left. He was trying to play first base.

Instructor in International Law: "What law of nations was violated when the United States government took by force Mason and Slidell from an English ship during the war?" Senior: "The law relating to the freedom of *mails*."

The Seniors have been informed that they are expected to have their Commencement orations ready for rehearsal by the first of June. They have been given the afternoons until that time in which to prepare them.

The album, representing the college and its surroundings, was recently delivered to the subscribers. It is handsomely bound and contains a large number of beautiful views, It cannot fail of being of great interest to all the alumni, for it contains so much to remind of their college days.

The Freshmen have swung out a class cap. It is of white canvass with a broad forepiece and a heavy gold cord over the top.. The class number—84—is in gold upon the front. The cap is comfortable and tasty and makes a fine appearance.

Twelve volumes of the Encyclopædia Brittanica came to the college recently from some unknown donor, but it was afterwards learned that they came as a gift from the publishers, Scribner & Co., of New York. This encyclopædia is a library in itself and will be a valuable addition to the reference library.

A base ball nine was recently organized and has been doing some very good playing. If the members of the club would give more time to practice, there is no reason why it need to be second to any club in the State. New suits have been purchased. They are of white twilled flannel trimmed with blue. Soon after their organization a game was played with the "Stars" of Middlebury, and at the end of the ninth inning the score stood 18 to 14 in favor of the college. There was some wild playing at first, but toward the last of the game the "Stars" made hardly a run A game was played with the New Haven club the 21st, but owing to rain the game was called at the end of the fifth inning when the score stood 13 to 2 in favor of the college. They have not yet played with all of their members present. The position in which they usually play is as follows:

Ross	Catcher.
Boice	Pitcher.
Murkland	1st base.
Leavenworth	2d "
Ed Preston	3d "
Stearns	Short stop.
Hutchinson	L. field.
Walker	C. "
Stewart	R. "

Stearns is the captain. The officers of the association are F. S. June, President; J. L. Barton, Vice President; G. E. Lathrop, Secretary and Treasurer.

The work on the new library room is rapidly progressing. The inside is nearly finished on the three upper floors. New windows have been put in, which, with the large panes, seem to give an abundance of light. The cases from the old library have been taken down and most of them put up with the new. A large number of

the books have been transferred and some of them put temporarily upon the shelves. The students watch the work with interest, for it is evident that when it is completed every book in the library will be available, and many opportunities will be given for consultation and study that cannot now be enjoyed. Dr. Hamlin personally directs all of the repairs.

COMMUNICATION.

[The editors do not assume responsibility for the sentiments of the Communication Column.]

MINNEPOLIS, Minn., April 27, 1881.

Editors of Undergraduate:

In your last number is a short squib touching lightly the matter of "marking." From it I infer that the custom is being abandoned or modified at Middlebury. If so a wise change is taking place. Possibly marking and ranking children in their A B C days may be harmless, but beyond that it should be utterly condemned. Grown men assembled together for mutual improvement would never think of adopting such a practice, and the students of Middlebury are generally men who have made sacrifices to obtain an education, and worked hard to prepare themselves for college, and know as well as they ever will how to spend their time. They needed no such incentive to study as "marks," while in the academies; doubtless every one of them were more studious than they are now. This system is a burden upon the professors and a hindrance to the student. Instructors should be class leaders,not alone energetic in finding out how much or how little a pupil knows, but in giving him the benefit of what they themselves know. They should be at the head of the class leading the students on in instead of book-keepers to balance their accounts. Many students have left college on account of this system. They found themselves transformed from the studious habits of the academy to the scheming indolent in college, seeking to obtain something for nothing by cheating the book-keeper, and a young man with sufficient spirit to work his way into college, with high hopes and expectations from the advantages which he will then have, when he becomes well settled in his new quarters and ready for work, finds himself maneuvering and figuring for "marks." (something he knew nothing of before) and forgetting about every other incentive to study. He is not long in becoming disgusted with himself and the motives that control his conduct. The fact that he has become proud to be the possessor (they are never *owned*, they are only held in trust and handed down) of as many "ponies" as of text books, and would endanger limb and honor to preserve his "horse," though he could see his "original" become ashes with a smile, is not a gratifying thought, and students do sometimes *reflect*, though it is generally supposed that they do not. They are often as sick at heart on account of their short comings as the Professors themselves are, and the habit, so common in colleges, of cheating the Professor, of smuggling translations into the recitation room, of telling downright falsehoods to answer for excuses that ought never to be asked for; of covering their finger nails, cuffs, white vests, polished boots, and every article of wearing apparel that can be worn, with memoranda that might aid them in

> "Making their twelves
> And saving themselves,"

at an expense of five dollars per week for board, with tuition, clothes, time and incidentals added, is not calculated to make a young man very happy when he takes his account of stock. With many students, while in and after college days, the chief thoughts associated with the recitation room is "marks." Their college life as a whole may be a pleasant one, but few I imagine take the trouble of procuring a photograph of the rooms in which they have recited as keep-sakes. Every college man who reads this, can for himself determine how far these and many other facts are the result of the marking system. The writer believes it a bad practice. A. S.

PERSONALS.

'60. Charles G. Steele is now engaged in writing the history of a county in Minnesota.

'66. J. S. Griswold has just been re-elected city attorney of Chicago.

'68. C. N. Bell is settled as a lawyer in St. Paul. He has recently resigned his position as alderman.

'68. Gamaliel Jones is county superintendent of schools of one of the upper counties in Minnesota.

'68. Dr. W. W. Waugh is located at Fairibault, Minn.

'69. H. S. Baker has been recently placed in charge of the schools of St. Paul.

'69. Parker has charge of the Congregational church at Rochester, Minn., and is well liked.

'72. E. J. Davenport was elected clerk of the District at the last election in Minneapolis.

M. D. Collester, with his wife and child, is at Wanseca, Minn. He is county attorney.

'78. Fish is residing in Minneapolis.

W. R. Cray and S. R. Kitchell shake hands and congratulate each other on being happy fathers.

'80. Cady is superintendent of the draining operations at Princeton.

'80. Dorr is New England editor of the Springfield Republican.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

In Scribner for June appears an article of intense interest to New Yorkers at present in regard to the sanitary condition of the city. A description of the classical plays at the Westminster School is of especial interest during the Harvard revival of Greek tragedy. A scholarly review of the Revised New Testament from the pen of Prof. Fisher of Yale adds timely interest. Throughout the entire number the element of timeliness is especially prominent. We quote two bright efforts from Bric-a-Brac:

THE BOSTON GIRL.

I told her of a maid whose mind
  Was filled with tender thoughts and fancies,
A lovely being of the kind
  They write about in old romances.
"Knowest thou," said I, "this maiden fair,
  Whose beauty doth my thoughts beguile?"
She answered with a dreamy air—
  "Well, I should smile!"

"Her cheeks possess the rose's hue,
  No form is daintier or completer.
No hair so brown, no eyes so blue,
  No mouth so tender or sweeter.
The favored youth who gains the hand
  Of this fair girl will ne'er regret it."
With modest grace she added: "And
  Don't you forget it."

"Oh thou dear mistress of my heart!
  My angel! let me kneel before thee
And say how heavenly sweet thou art,
  And how devoutly I adore thee."
She turned away her lovely head,
  And with a languid look that fired
My soul, in murmured accents said,—
  "You make me tired."

—*David S. Foster.*

IN EXPLANATION.

Her lips were so near
That—what else could I do?
You'll be angry, I fear,
But her lips were so near—
Well, I can't make it clear,
Or explain it to you,
But—her lips were so near
That—what else could I do?

—*Walter Learned.*

The Atlantic Monthly for June contains—Over on the T'other Mounting, Charles Egbert Craddock; The Indoor Pauper: A Study, Octave Thanet; A Spring Opening, Edith Thomas; Bergen Days, H. H.; Felicissima, Eliza Calvert Hall; Who Lost Waterloo? John C. Ropes; The Portrait of a Lady, XXIIX-XXXIV, Henry James, Jr.; Chance; French Tragedy, Richard Grant White; Friends: A Duet XIV, XV, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; A Taste of Maine Birch, John Burroughs; Whittier's King's Missive, and other Recent Poetry; Five American Novels; Carlyle's Reminiscences; The Renaissance in France; The Contributors' Club; Books of the Month; Auf Wiedersehen, in Memory of J. T. F.

EXCHANGES.

"Cap and Gown" is the attractive title of a new comer to our table. It is yet somewhat ju-

venile but promises well, and will soon take a good place among exchanges. A proneness for reprinting rather old anecdotes seems to be its greatest fault.

The University Herald as a rule is interesting and publishes many good hits from the class room. It has a very clumsy and unfair way of handling its exchange column, however, taking, as it does, some one issue of a paper and pronouncing upon the whole year's issues from the one number. This rambling, hit or miss criticism where thirty or forty papers are remarked upon in a single column amounts to nothing and does not fulfil the end of the exchange column.

The Bowdoin Orient is not regular in its appearance upon our table, but is ever welcome when it does appear. A newsy, readable paper, excellent in typography and make up. Not as literary perhaps as we should expect from Bowdoin, but sufficiently so for a college paper.

Few of our exchanges give a greater amount of reading matter than the Ariel. The Ariel is a paper to spend an hour over. Many of the exchanges can be glanced over in a minute and the general drift of the contents noted, but the Ariel is made of sterner stuff. We enjoy the paper.

The Haverfordian is much after the same style as the Ariel but more literary in its tendencies. An excellent series of papers are appearing in its pages entitled "The Cockney Poets."

The Mercury, with its unobtrusive and usually dignified demeanor, shows a very pleasing contrast to the flippant and scatter-brained C. C. N. Y. Free Press from the same college. A new exchange and one highly prized.

The Trinity Tablet is a new exchange, and one which we hope to see more of. This first number, though not of especial interest to us, shows the general style and tendencies of the paper, both of which are pleasing.

The Rutgers Targum has an excellent article on "Concentrated Effort." We do not like the use of very small type, such as found in the latter part of the Targum, but it is far better to print good matter in fine type than the reverse, which is true of many of the exchanges.

We have received two numbers of the Cornell Era. The editorial board was changed during the time between the two issues, and it is manifest. Unfortunately the change has been decidedly for the worse. We agree with many of the exchanges who say that the omission of their poorly drawn and cheap wood cuts would add greatly to the interest of the magazine. The mock dignity in the last number is amusing.

The typography of the Olio from Marietta is excellent. The material within usually a little too solid for college boys and men and there is a lack of the fun element of college life. We speak only of the May number in this last remark, and we sympatize with them fully in their second editorial, which bewails the fact that the editing of the Olio devolves upon two or three. The difficulty of getting material for the college publication can be felt nowhere more than here, we are sure.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Diplomas at Princeton cost $14.50.

The college at Berlin has 1302 Jews.

Yale boasts the best college orchestra in the country.

Of the 359 colleges in the United States 170 are co-eds.

The average weight of Yale's oarsmen in the University crew is 190 pounds.

There are 2,700 professors in the various educational institutions of this country.

Tennyson, like Thackeray, left the University of Cambridge without his degree.—*Ex.*

The Boston *Sunday Times* is to have a column of college news like the N. Y. Monday *World.*

The Harvard Bicycle Club has now 130 active members, being the largest club in the United States.

O. W. Holmes, Jr., son of the poet, is lecturing with marked success on Common Law, at the Lowell Institute.

According to the *Graphic*, Prasident Porter has abolished Sunday morning chapel at Yale, because it seriously interferes with Saturday evening poker.

The *Gazette* was the first college paper started —founded at Dartmouth in 1800. It is long since defunct. Daniel Webster was a contributor to it.—*The Cornellian.*

On an average, nine per cent. of Yale graduates become clergymen,—*Ex.*

From Texas: George Eliot's dead, the author of Daniel Duendo and Helen's Babies. He was a good writer but a bad man."—*College Review.*

President Eliot has announced that, for "pressing needs—that is, needs which are clearly calculated, and foreseen, and recognized," Harvard will, in the near future, want $3,000,000 more.

Two students of Phillips Andover Academy were caught on the 13th ult. while in a private house with burglarious intent, and one was fatally shot by the owner of the property. The one who was killed was studying for the ministry. Other robberies in the vicinity have been traced to them.

Harvard, Yale and Washington College (Pa.) are represented in the new Cabinet. Mr. Lincoln, Secretary of War, graduated from Harvard in 1864. Mr. Wayne MacVeagh, Attorney General, graduated from Yale in the famous class of 1853 Secretary of State, Mr. Blaine, graduated from Washington College in 1847.—*Harvard Echo.*

There will be no "college student waiters" in the summer resort hotels this year. The proprietors of the various hotels where they have hitherto been employed have unanimously decidedly to engage them no more, principally on the ground that they failed to give satisfaction, being disqualified for their duties by the sedentary and studious habits of college life.

A lady in the west wrote to Wellesley that since her husband intended being absent from her some time on business, she would like to teach school there; she said that she was prepared to teach hair-dressing, wax-work and telegraphy; that she was also up on literature and that the laurels she had won in that direction she "clasped with pride to her brow." Fact.

Amherst College has concluded that its students are men, their ages averaging 22, and will, therefore, no longer subject them to discipline as boys. They will hereafter be held responsible for their work, but not for their personal conduct, unless it interferes with their duties. This has long been the rule in German universities, but has never been fully tested in this country, though Harvard has, to a limited extent, adopted it. It has been pretty thoroughly tested here, and nothing can work better.—*Ex.*

The *Beacon* propounds the following:

Whether, generally speaking, to ask questions in the class is indicative of one's profundity.

What proportional parts do stupidity and egotism play in the matter?

Whether it is advisable to lug in some of the professor's favorite phrases at an examination.

Whether, when the only object is to slide through, it is not as efficacious to study the professor's peculiarities as the subject itself.

Whether a dozen substantially correct but slipshod pages redound more to the glory of the writer than a third of that number neatly written and well expressed.

Whether things do not tend to move on more smoothly when the professor's wife reads aloud the manuscripts, and the professor himself goes off to sleep in the arm-chair.

Whether manuscripts are always read by anybody.

Whether they deserve to be.

And when they are, whether the marks are based on them or on a general estimate of the student's scholarship.

Whether, after all, the whole system of examination is not a nuisance and abomination.

PLUNDER.

"Render unto scissors the things that are scissors'."

An old Indian chief, after the romantic manner of his nation, calls his musket "book agent," because it is an old smooth-bore.—*Ex.*

Professor—"What was Socrates?" Junior (bewildered)—"Soc-Socrates (prompted) was professor of conundrums at the University of Athens. —*Rachine Mercury.*

Will Hays has written a new song entitled, "Kiss the Baby Once for me." After have finished, Will, spank him two or three times for the rest of the folks.

Boy (to a lady visitor)—"Teacher, there's a gal over there a-winkin' at me." Teacher—"Well then, don't look at her." Boy—"But if I don't look at her she will wink at somebody else."—*Graphic.*

"I am translating you from the German," said a Senior to the fair one by his side, as they rolled away from the dance the other evening. "Not

without a horse," she murmured and quietly fainted.—*Trinity Tablet.*

All in the day's work. Paul—"Might I have a donkey, papa?" Papa (the new vicar(—:'I'm afraid not, my boy! There would be nobody to look after it, you know!" Paul—"Oh, the curate can do that!"—*Punch.*

Scene in U. 5. A Senior saunters in. Dean: "Mr. ——, you have been to morning prayers only six times this year." Senior: "Have I been six times? I thought it was only four." (Collapse of dean.)—*Harvard Advocate.*

Hugging parties are all the rage in Kansas. The prices ranging as follows: Girls under 16, 25 cents; from 16 to 20, 50 cents; from 20 to 25, 75 cents; another man's wife, one dollar; old maids, three cents apiece or two for a nickel.—*The Wabash.*

"Can I give my son a college education at home?" asks a fond parent. "Well, you may be able to teach him as much of Greek and Latin and mathematics as the college could, but you never can so thoroughly imbue him with the idea that everybody else is a blamed fool."—*Boston Post.*

"I cannot write, the maiden said,
My thoughts they will not flow,"
Upon her hand she leaned her head
And glanced up at her beau.
"Why is it thus my charming girl?"
It does indeed seem queer—
And he brushed back a glossy curl;
You have a bright eye dear."—*Ex.*

"Oh, pa! I've got a much better place than I had last quarter." "Indeed! Well, where are you?" "I'm fourteenth." "Fourteenth! lazybones! You were eighth last tarm. Do you call that a better place?" "Yes, sir; it's nearer the stove."—*Ex.*

What it has come to. Mrs. Muggles—"Well, doctor, I don't know as what's the matter with Marier since she come from her last siterwation in Lunnun. There she sits all day a-staring at an ole chiney dish, which she calls a-going in for asthletix!"—*Punch.*

The feeling of utter loneliness experienced by a certain Junior at the late preliminary examination, on feeling for his faithful pony only to produce a wash-bill from his washerwoman—consequent on a change of raiment—was only equalled by the smile that encircled his facial area as the professor, who had been slyly watching him, gobbled it in.—*University.*

They talked astronomy: I wish I was a star," he said, smiling at his own poetic fancy "I would rather you were a comet," she said dreamingly. His heart beat tumultuously, and he asked "and why?" "Oh," she said with earnestness, "because then you would only come around once every fifteen hundred years."

Scene—Front door step. Dramatis personæ—Milesian maid, adventurous soph—"Aw! Miss Frawnces, is she at home?" M. Maid—"No, sur, she's out." Soph—': Mrs. Frawnces?" M. Maid—"No, sur, *she's* out." Soph—"Well, then, I guess I'll just step in and sit by the fire till they return." Biddy—"Faith, sur, and that's out, too." (Exit Soph.)—*Free Press.*

There was a small fiend in Woonsocket,
Who tied himself on to a rocket;
As he lighted the end
He remarked to a friend,
"Now when the thing starts, I will shock it."

But contrary to his reflection,
The stick took an upward direction.
As he sailed through the sky,
He observed with a sigh,
"'Tis as hot as the place of correction."

A young man from the country, having married a city vocalist, promptly wrote home that his wife was a first-class singer with a remarkable voice. "In fact," he wrote, "she has a mezzo-soprano of unusual power and compass." His mother immediately answered, "My son, that is what your Aunt Keziah died of. She waited too long before she had it operated on. Don't delay. Have it cut out at once."

How dear to my heart is the school I attended,
And how I remember so distant and dim,
The red-headed Bill, and the pin that I bended
And carefully put on the bench under him!
And how I recall the surprise of the master
When Bill gave a yell and sprang up from the pin
So high that his bullet-head busted the plaster
Above, and the scholars all set up a grin.
That active boy Billy! that high leaping Billy!
That loud shouting Billy that sat on a pin.

—*Ex,*

SHAKESPERE ON BASE BALL.

Now let's have a catch.—*Merry Wives.*
And so I shall catch the fly.—*Henry V.*
I will run no base.—*Merry Wives.*
After he scores,—*Alls Well.*
Have you scored me.—*Othello.*
The world is pitch and pay.—*Henry V.*
These nine men in buckram."—*Henry IV.*
What works my countrymen?
Where go you with bats and clubs?—*Coriolanus.*
Let us see you in the field.—*Troilus and Cressida.*
I will fear to catch.—*Timon.*
More like to run country base.—*Cymbeline.*

A MISTAKE.

ACT I.

She stood there, just two blocks beyond, a saucy little
beauty,
With lovely eyes and dimpled cheek—I thought it quite
my duty
To protect her, you know,
From winds that *might* blow,
From storms that *might* rise
In the dark western skies,
And take her right home to her mamma.

ACT II.

'Twas quickly that I neared my fate, and doffed my
shining beaver.
"May I see you home this afternoon?" My stars could
I believe her,
When she simpered so sweet,
As our eyes they did meet:
"Av course, if yez loike,
And don't moind brother Moike,
Yez kin take me roight home to me mamma."

—*Acta Columbiana.*

The account of the Iowa girl who is said to have been hugged to death by her lover has caused "quite a sensation" among the ladies of Westfield, N. Y., who recently held a meeting to devise ways and means to prevent another case of death from hugging. They unanimously passed the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, It is reported that an Iowa girl died recently in her lover's arms, while being hugged, and

Whereas, Judging from experience we believe such an event utterly impossible, therefore

Resolved, That notwithstanding said report we are still in favor of hugging. We prefer to run all risks of death rather than have the beautiful, lovely, delightful, perfectly elegant custom abolished.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the newspapers for publication.

5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

STAR SHAVING ROOMS!

NORTH END OF BRIDGE.

Students and the public generally will find here first class work. A mug and brush furnished for every regular customer free of charge,

HOT & COLD BATHS

AT ALL HOURS.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

Frank A. Bond,

CLOTHING,

Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes,

And Family Groceries,

MIDDLEBURY, VT.

A. P. TUPPER,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery,

NO. 2, TUPPER'S BLOCK, MIDDLEBURY, VT.

MONEY SAVED BY GETTING

Your Job Printing

DONE at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

T. M. CHAPMAN & CO.,

DEALERS IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Middlebury, Vt.

L. E. MELLEN, D. D. S.

DENTIST.

Nitrous Oxide Gas Administered.

Office hours, 8 to 12 A. M, 1 to 5 P. M. Office, Buttolph's Block.

MIDDLEBURY, VT.

W. H. KINGSLEY,

Dentist,

UP STAIRS, IN STYLES' NEW BLOCK, MIDDLEBURY.

H. W. BREWSTER,

Dealer in

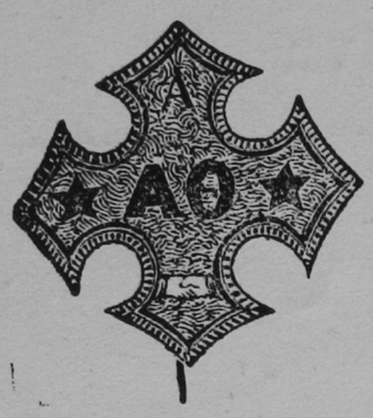
Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware,

ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING DONE AT SHORT NOTICE.

Brewster's Block.

JNO. F. LUTHER,

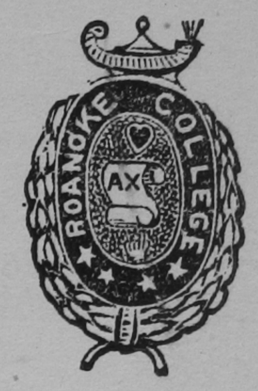
Manufacturing Jeweler,



79 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

Manufacturer of

BADGES AND MEDALS,



In Gold, Enamel, and Precious Stones,

RINGS, STUDS, BUTTONS KEYS, CHARMS, &c.

The following Society Pins on hand and made to order:

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON, PSI UPSILON, DELTA KAPPA, PHI DELTA PHI, ZETA PSI, DELTA UPSILON, DELTA PHI, ALPHA SIGMA CHI, THETA DELTA CHI, ALPHI DELTA PHI, PHI KAPPA PSI Also, PHI SIGMA KAPPA, KAPPA ALPHA and PHI BETTA KAPPA KEYS.

In fact, it is unnessary to particularize, for there is no Badge or Medal which cannot be furnished at this establishment.

S. E. MEEKIN'S

Shaving & Hair Cutting Rooms,

No. 2 Union Block, South End of Bridge,

Is the place to get shaved. A clean towel for every customer. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give him a call.

HYDE & GALVIN,

Tin, Sheet Iron and Copper Workers,

FURNACE WORK AND PLUMBING

Done in the best possible manner. All work warranted.

A. J. MARSHAL,

DEALER IN

COAL.

OFFICE:—FREIGHT DEPOT.

Germania Band, of Boston.

As Military Band, Grand or Small Orchestra, for Parades, Concerts, Commencement Exercises, Serenades, Wedding Parties,

And on all occasions where Music is required.

W. C. NICHOLS, Agent, Office 33 Court St., Boston.

PIERCE HOUSE,

COURT STREET, MIDDLEBURY, VT.

F. W. PIERCE, - - Proprietor.

☞ Prices moderate. A good stable connected with the House, and Livery furnished when requested.

Free Carriage to the Depot.

ATWOOD'S

Photographic Studio,

Lacon's Block. Church Street,

BURLINGTON, - - VERMONT.